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LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.' &c.

Leaves from a Journal; or Sketches of Rambles in some parts of North Britain and Ireland, chiefly in the year 1817. By Andrew Bigelow. Boston. 1821. 8vo.

[The abovementioned work is a re-publication of the Letters which we presented some time since to our readers, describing an excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin—a visit to Loch Katrine—and a pilgrimage to Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys; with some additions, taken like the rest, from the reverend author's private journal. Among the new matters is the following.]

WALK TO HOLYROOD.

One of the first objects which claim the attention of the stranger in Edinburgh, is Holyrood-house. This structure, renowned as it is in the annals of Scottish story, I was not long in searching out after my arrival in the city, and often in an evening walk, have I since found myself insensibly bending my way thither, when it was difficult to define the impulse which prompted the direction of my steps. The connection of the name of the unhappy queen Mary, with a few of the memorable events which its walls have witnessed, has doubtless had no little influence in deepening the interest with which I have contemplated this venerable pile; but the emotions which the sight of any monument of a remote and eventful age, either awakens, or is at least calculated to awaken, in the mind, are various in character, and naturally impressive and solemn.

The main body, indeed, of Holyrood-house is not very ancient. Its erection cannot be traced back to an earlier date than the reign of Charles II. Originally, it was a far more spacious and princely fabric, than at present it is; but, what with the decays of age, the fires of incendiaries, and the violences of infuriated mobs, it has suffered numerous changes in the lapse of ages; and though still a stately edifice, is circumscribed very materially in

extent compared with its primitive limits.

At the northwest angle are double circular towers, remaining in entire preservation, wherein are several apartments and state-rooms which James V. caused to be constructed, and which were occupied as part of the royal habitation, both during his reign, and that of his successor. His name is still to be seen in a niche under one of the turrets; and this part of the building is all of it which has come down from so remote a period to the present, uninjured.

The entrance is through an embattled gate-way, which in its style displays some magnificence, and communicates with a large area, two hundred and thirty feet square, which is enclosed on each side with the palace walls. A range of piazzas, or more strictly a continued facade, supported by Doric pillars, is built along the basement story which affords kind of cloistered walk quite round the interior of the pile.

I cannot easily forget the impressions made upon me, on my first visit to this lordly structure. As I entered the gateway, leading to the inner court, I passed a sentry—a fine, manly fellow—who was dressed in the full costume of the highland military. His tall bonnet and plume added much to his martial air and aspect; nor was the effect diminished by the Celtic accompaniments of tartan hose, a plaid kilt and naked knee. Above him, on the front wall of the portal, were carved the crown, thistle, and other appendages of the arms of Scotland; under which was emblazoned the proud motto, *Nemo me impune lassedit*.

A janitor attended me to the quarters of an elderly, splenetic lady, who undertook, though with an ill grace which the expected boon of a half-crown was not sufficient to repress, to conduct me through those apartments in the building which are most worthy of inspection.

I was first taken to a large hall in which the Scottish peers are wont to convene when they elect sixteen from their number to represent their 'nobility' in the British parliament. It is adorned with the supposed portraits of all the kings of Scotland; there being more than an hundred heads in the whole, most of which are fancy likenesses, or copies taken from the imperfect and rude stamps of antique coins. I took notice of a full-length portrait of queen Mary, and one of her father James V.—the knight of Snowdon—each of which was originally well executed, but the colours have faded, and the paintings have otherwise been much injured.

It was doubtless invidious, not to say uncourteous, to mark the contrast, which, however, was too palpable to escape observation—between the features of the lovely Scottish princess, even amidst the shading and disguise of a defaced and dusty portrait, and the sallow countenance of my lady attendant, the expression of which seemed to assume new odiousness when confronted before beauty of such matchless grace. I know not what unlucky association brought to mind at that moment Ovid's whimsical personification of Envy; but as my eye glanced on the sour aspect and wrinkled visage of the moody dame by my side, who seemed to blench and wither under the peerless charms of Mary, I could not resist the temptation to apply to her with some slight alteration the sententious lines,

Pallor in ore sedet; macies in corpore tota
Nusquam recta acies;

intabescit que videndo
Formosam Mariam.

My conductress was hurrying me away to some of the more modern apartments of the palace when I intimated that further attentions would be excused, provided I was shown the rooms in the circular towers which were once occupied by the queen. She accordingly led the way to a flight of steps which communicated with an antichamber on

the second floor, the same into which Rizzio was dragged when he received his final, mortal wounds. Some dusky spots on the floor were pointed out, which were said to be stains of his blood.—A few drops of lamp-oil from time to time judiciously dropped there, would produce a similar appearance, and perhaps afford vouchers of the sanguinary deed equally indisputable with the marks now discernable.

Leaving the anti room, I entered a larger apartment, or hall, hung round with tapestry much defaced. This was queen Mary's chamber of state. From the walls were suspended a few portraits and engravings, most of which were of very ordinary execution. On one side stood a bed which formerly might have had some claims to be reputed fine; but it makes, at this day, a sorry appearance. There were many chairs with richly embroidered seats, ranged round the apartment, which also are going fast to decay. One of these, which was of a costlier construction than the others, and made somewhat in the style of a modern lolling-chair, though considerably wider, was said to be the chair on which the reigning king and queen of Scotland used to sit side by side on state occasions. Passing from this apartment, I next entered the private chamber of Mary, which was smaller than the former, and furnished in an inferior style. The bed was in a condition scarcely better than the one first seen. It is of tattered crimson damask, the hangings of which are trimmed with a selvage of green fringes and tassels.

In a corner of the room, on a small table, was placed the queen's favourite work-box. It is made of thin deal, covered on the top and sides with fine cloth, which is ornamented with fancy needle-work. This last was wrought by Mary when in France; and is curious as a specimen of her ingenuity. The chief subject was Jacob's dream of the ladder, with the descent of the angels upon it. Both the figure and attitude of the sleeping patriarch were rather comical; but the whole performance was well enough, considering that it was executed by a royal Miss in her early teens, and that too, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The box is divided into a number of compartments which still retain some of the trinkets of the queen. It is lined within with crimson silk; under which is a stuffing of cotton. When the box was opened for my inspection, a rich perfume exhaled from it, which my fair conductress asserted in good faith, to have been the reported fact, ever since it was in the possession of the queen; and that it originated from some fragrant substance, deposited within the cotton under the silk lining.

Opposite the entrance, on a circular side of the chamber, are two doors; of which the one on the left side conducted to her dressing-room, and the other to a small cabinet answering to a French boudoir, and which was appropriated by the queen as such. It was in this apartment that she was supping with Rizzio, when lord Darnley with his associate assassins entered for the purpose of taking the life of that favourite. The conspirators ascended to the royal apartments by a back spiral staircase, at the top of which was a door in the wainscot, concealed inside by tapestry, which opened into the chamber within a few feet of the smaller private room. In the latter, I saw the armour, boots, and gloves of Darnley, which are of immoderate size, and prove him to have possessed a stature of body somewhat proportionate to the gigantic villainy of his mind.

Before leaving the suite of rooms I had the tapestry in the inner chamber removed from the wainscot, which is connected with the trap-stair already spoken of. The leaf is ingenious; and its purpose not easy to be detected. The passage descending from it is singularly gloomy, and the steps at no great depth are lost in darkness.

It is remarkable that this stair terminates in the chapel of Holyrood; and that the assassins of Rizzio must have passed through that sanctuary in order to have reached the scene of their intended villainy. In fact, all the circumstances connected with the perpetration of this foul deed mark an astonishing pitch of daring, as well as coolness of atrocity.

Among the accomplices in the murder of Rizzio, was no less a personage than the lord high chancellor of Scotland. He even assumed

the conduct and superintendence of the enterprise, although undertaken in open violation of the laws both of God and man; and all this moreover, in the very presence of his sovereign.

There is a curious and minute account of the whole of this bloody transaction preserved in a letter which was written immediately subsequent to the event, by the then English resident in Scotland to the lords of the privy council. After detailing a variety of circumstances too numerous to be extracted, the writer proceeds with adding, that, 'Upon Saturdaye at night, neire unto viij of the clocke, the king, (Darnley) conveyeth himself, the lord Ruthen, George Duglass and twa others by the privy stayers up to the queene's chamber, going to which is a closet about xii foot square: in the same a little low reposing bedde and a table at the which theyr were sitting at supper the queene, the lady Argile and David (Rizzio) with his cappe upon his hed. Into the closet theyr cometh in the king, and lord Ruthen, who willed David to come forth, saying, that was no place for him. The queene saide, that it was hur will. Her housebande answerede that yt was against hur honour. The lord Ruthen said, that he shoulde lerne better his deutie, and offering to take him by the arm, David-tooke the queene by the blychtes of hur gowne, who wolde gladlee have saved him; but the king having loosed his bande, and holding hur in his arms, David was thrust owt, and throwe the bed-chamber into the chamber of presens, whar were the lord Morton, lord Lindsey, and so mane that bore him ill will that one thruste him into the boddie with a dagger, and after hym a great mane others, so that he had in his boddie above fiftie wonds.'

In the same letter is related a singular parley which took place between the queen and two of the conspirators, Darnley and Ruthven, on the occasion of Rizzio's murder. To the former she said in a tone of high threatening, ' You haue ta'en yr last of me and yr farewel.'—And towards the close of the conversation, after much mutual crimination, she added, ' Well, that shall be dear blude to some of ye, yf his be spylt!'

Rizzio, it is stated, ‘had upon his back when he was slain a nigh-gowne of damask furred, with a satten doublette, and a hose of russette velvette;’ also, ‘a juill was hanging about hys necke of some price yt cannot be heard of.’

The tragical end of this man may well excite our commiseration; and a feeling of indignation naturally arises within us against the remorseless russians who plotted his death. But his fate was scarcely worse than that of the chief accomplices in his murder. In fact the divine vengeance seemed to attend them wherever they went, and several of them at different times expiated with their blood the part which they bore in the slaughter of this unhappy foreigner. Darnley himself, as is well known, perished by the explosion of gunpowder, designedly placed under a house in which he lodged; and only a few months after he had glutted his deadly hate by rioting in the blood of Rizzio, his stormy passions were hushed in death, and the colossal frame which seemed to mock at the common lot of humanity was laid low and motionless, as the clods of the valley, under the cloistered pavement of the chapel of Holyrood.

This chapel, or rather what remains of it, is well worthy of attention. Its order is a light Gothic, is susceptible of a high degree of decoration, and the architect seems to have lavished the luxuriances of its ornaments upon this noble monument of the taste and piety of his age. At the time of the revolution, when a protestant prince ascended the united throne of Scotland and England, and the fanaticism of the followers of John Knox had attained its height, the populace of Edinburgh wreaked their vengeance upon it, on the ground that popish mass had been celebrated within its walls, and that it was distinguished by those carnal appendages of the papal church—an organ, a spire, and a fine chime of bells. The inside of the fabric was almost wholly demolished. Its decorations were objects of a peculiarly malignant resentment; and many of them were defaced, mutilated, or destroyed. Happily the walls were left standing: and a colonnade which supported the roof over one of the side aisles still remains. A noble work

it is; the pillars of which continue to exhibit an elegance of tracery work in delicate preservation, despite of the wastes of time and the despoiling hand of a fanatical cannibal.

After I had examined the old apartments already described, and as much as I wished to see of the palace, I devoted some time to the inspection of this ruinous fabric. Roofless and dilapidated as it is, its aspect is impressive, and it seems to sit in sackcloth as though mourning the departure of its pristine glory.

Beneath its ‘lettered stones’ is interred some of the noblest dust of the Scottish prince’s. Several graves of these puissant mortals were pointed out to me, and among them, two or three tombs of the Stuarts. As I trod the pavement in quest of these depositaries of the dead, the sound of the falling footstep reverberated from the walls, broke upon the wonted silence of the place with an almost chilling effect; and the wind as it swept in hollow gusts through the broken arches, and along the lone and deserted spaces of the chapel ruin, seemed to wail a requiem to the sleeping tenants of the tomb, whilst it told of the desolation which reigned around.

And how changed, how fallen from its ancient grandeur is this consecrated edifice! Could its walls speak, what tales might they utter, what a moral would they impress! Here the congregations of many a generation have assembled in the ostensible office of devotion, and have successively gone down to darkness and to dust.—Here mitred prelates have stood to bless, and kings have kneelt to worship. Here piety has breathed its aspirations; and penitence has whispered its confessions; and fanaticism has fanned her fervours. Here the votary of a maddening superstition has soared in mystic trances, whilst censers have smoked, and tapers have gleamed, and the gorgeous symbols of a mistaken faith have struck upon the ravished sense. And here, too, when the majestic organ has wakened its spirit stirring melody, and the vaulted roof has echoed to the swelling chant of voices—the rapt fancy has depicted, in the concerts of earth, a similitude to the harmonies of Heaven. But the solemn pageantry

has vanished; its actors are no more: the light in the ‘golden candlestick’ is quenched; the choral hymn has ceased, and saving a few imperfect vestiges, the eye searches in vain within the crumbling pile for some memorial of the hallowed rites which once were solemnised within it—some record which may attest its former magnificence, and speak an ‘Ilium fuit.’

The chapel itself was originally a monastic church, attached to the religious house of Holyrood, a convent having been founded here as early as the commencement of the twelfth century. It was denominated the Monastery of the Holy Cross, and was possessed by some monks of the order of St. Augustine, who practising upon the piety, or rather the superstitious weaknesses of the princes of the several succeeding ages, acquired many privileges for the institution, and grants of ample revenues. In process of time, it became the richest religious foundation in Scotland; and gave support to a numerous fraternity of monks.*

At the reformation, when in common with their brethren of other monastic orders, the inmates of Holyrood were expelled from their fair demesnes and stripped of the wealth which the cupidity of earlier generations had amassed, the abbey chapel was converted into a parish church, and not a few of the privileges appertaining to it in its original state were transferred to its new proprietors. Some of these have remained untouched to the present day, to the no small convenience of those who are constrained to seek their benefit.—The environs afford an asylum from prosecutions for debt; as also does an extensive park adjacent to the abbey; and bankrupts have only to take up their quarters within the privileged precinct to defy the whole power and malice of their creditors, even backed by the long arm of the civil

* There was an estimate made of its revenues in the year 1688, which is subjoined for the amusement of the curious reader. They were computed to amount to 2650 bushels of wheat, 3360 bushels of oats, nearly 4000 bushels of barley, 500 capons, 24 hens, as many salmon, twelve loads of salt, together with a considerable number of swine, and about 250*l.* sterling, in cash.

law. Around the court, immediate-
ly in front of Holyrood-house, is a
range of small tenements, erected
expressly for the accommodation of
insolvent debtors, who, safe in the
inviolate sanctity of the retreat, pur-
sue, without fear of molestation, their
ordinary occupations. Nor is this
their only privilege. On the sabbath
they are at liberty to walk abroad
beyond the abbey limits, and to ap-
pear with impunity in any part of
the city or suburbs, at all hours be-
tween the rising and the setting of
the sun.

After the dethronement of Louis
XVI., when several of the surviving
Bourbons sought refuge in Scotland,
and were lodged for a season in the
palace of Holyrood, prior to their
removal to England, it is said that
the royal exiles were compelled for
a time, in consequence of a failure
of remittances, to avail themselves of
the ancient immunities of the
Abbey, and to avoid trespassing be-
yond the bounds of the Canongate,
saving on the returns of the sabbath.

That such an absurd privilege
should still be kept up, and that too,
as a prerogative of a *soi disant* mo-
nastic institution, might excite a
smile, if it did not provoke a severer
feeling. Granting its adaptation to
the barbarousness of the age where-
in it originated—that it should be
tolerated, nevertheless, in the 19th
century, is truly pitiable. The trial
by ordeal, if retained in practice,
would be equally rational and fit-
ting, on the score of equity. For
the immunity guaranteed to debtors
indiscriminately, benefits the knav-
ish, no less than the upright. Ac-
cordingly, it is as likely that the
creditor be defrauded, as that the
innocent be sheltered—and if the
honest bankrupt sometimes finds
under the shadow of the walls of
Holyrood a retreat from unfeeling
persecution, the criminal defaulter
as often resorts to it, to escape the
just application of coercive means
to compel a restitution of indisputable
dues.—Happy it is, thought I,
as I left the spot and retraced my
steps to the city—happy it is, that
there is ONE country where such
boary relics of a barbarous age are
unknown—where customs of doubtful
propriety are not perpetuated,
simply because they are time-hal-
lowed; and where, with a due vene-
ration for the institutions of remote

periods, there is a ready rejection of
all such as are unproductive of posi-
tive good, or which have nothing to
recommend them beyond the crust
of antiquity.

BRITISH NOTICES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Bac' woodsman, a Poem; by J.
K. Paulding. Philadelphia.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

American literature, the very
mention of which, some years since,
would have drawn forth a withering
smile of contempt from the self-
sufficient critics of our own country,
and opened a boundless field for the
display of their captious and fas-
tidious powers, is daily becoming,
by its rapid and marked improve-
ment, an object of increasing inter-
est and attraction, both to the schol-
ar and the philanthropist. The
former has already been indebted
to it, for many a welcome addition
to his intellectual banquet; and to the latter, its acknowledged pro-
gress is a source of the most pleasur-
able feelings, because it affords the
strongest proof that can be adduced
of the growth of the human mind,
and the advancement of the best in-
terests of social life among our trans-
Atlantic brethren. The style of
their state papers has long exhibited
a model of accuracy and clearness
in that department of composition,
and many of their recent prose pub-
lications, both on serious and enter-
taining subjects, may fairly dispute
the palm with most European produc-
tions. But it is in the greatly
increased demand for works of poe-
try, that we perceive the most
striking indication of the rapid
strides that refinement and cultiva-
tion are making in the United States.
Poetry, if not a mental superfluity,
is, at least, a mental luxury, and an
appetite for it is seldom felt among
any nation, till an adequate supply
of what is necessary and indispensa-
ble has been first obtained. Indeed,
the existence of such an appetite
warrants the presumption, that, as
far as the possession of the useful
and requisite arts of life are con-
cerned, they have already acquired
what lord Bacon calls, "the habit of
being happy." Under the influence
of these opinions, it has afforded us
no small pleasure to observe the
awakened sensibility to the "magic

power of song," which has long
been strengthening with the Ameri-
can public; and we feel considera-
ble gratification in introducing the
present poem to the notice of our
readers, both because the author
has presented no unworthy or unac-
ceptable tribute to the wreath of
the Columbian muse, and because
his work is an additional evidence
that the eager demand of his coun-
trymen for poetical literature, may
meet with an adequate supply in
the resources of native genius, with-
out the humbling consciousness of
being wholly or constantly depend-
ent on foreign talent for their intel-
lectual entertainment.

The tale of the poem is extreme-
ly simple, indeed, we almost think,
too much so. It is the narrative of
Basil, an industrious labourer, near
the Hudson river, who imprudently
marrying very early in life, and
having a numerous infant family to
provide for, is exposed, for some
years, to the united evils of hard la-
bour and severe poverty. At length,
in a very cold winter, he is deprived
by sickness of the use of his limbs
for a considerable time, and, on his
recovery, having no prospect before
him, in his present situation, but a
recurrence of the same sufferings
which he has already experienced,
he resolves, undismayed by the ap-
palling accounts given by his neigh-
ours, of the dangers and privations
to which he is about to expose him-
self, and their earnest attempts to
dissuade him from his project, to
emigrate further west, and join the
settlers in the back woods, where
he is informed that the means not
only of procuring a comfortable sub-
sistence, but of realizing an ample
competence, are attainable by ac-
tive and persevering industry. The
poem proceeds to give an account
of Basil's journey, his settling, and
his gradual prosperity. It then re-
lates the interruption of the peace
of the settlers by the attack of the
Indian tribes in their vicinity, led
on by an enthusiast among them,
who imagines himself a prophet, and
by a European renegade. With
the defeat of the savages, and a pa-
triotic apostrophe to the writer's na-
tive country, the poem rather ab-
ruptly concludes.

Our readers will probably agree
with us in opinion, that these are
rather jejune materials for a poem

of six cantos. The tale, however, is well told; the interest is sustained throughout, and is much stronger than would be imagined from reading a mere sketch of the narrative. The incidents and characters, particularly the latter, do great credit to the author's powers of conception. The pictures of the renegade, and of the enthusiast savage, are admirably drawn. We have seldom seen a more vigorous and just description than that of the operation of deep-rooted revenge in the mind of the vindictive fanatic, till it creates that mixture of superstition and cunning, which, alternately, the deceiver and the deceived has so often rendered subservient to its own purposes, the ignorance and credulity of mankind. The interest attached to the delineating of local scenery, must certainly be more fully felt by us than by those who are familiar with the scenes described; but they are marked by what may be termed internal evidences of fidelity, and are in general richly poetical.

It is probably as an apology for the paucity of events in the tale, that the author tells us in the preface that the story was merely assumed, as affording an easy and natural way of introducing a greater variety of scenery, as well as more diversity of character. Indeed were the tale much more meagre than it is, we should feel grateful to the writer for having made it the vehicle of poetry abounding with the beauties of the art, and in many instances of the highest order. But it is high time to terminate these prefatory remarks, and enable our readers, by extracts from the work itself, to judge of the merits of the poet, particularly as we feel assured that they will be productive of more entertainment than any criticisms of ours.

The following passages are no unfavourable specimens of descriptive talent: the first two will probably suggest to most who read them the recollection of a very popular poet of our own country.

"The moon, high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That, as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well."

"Who can resist the coaxing voice of spring,
When flowers put forth and sprightly songsters sing?"

He is no honest son of mother earth,
And shames the holy dame that gave him birth.

We are her children, and when forth she hies,

Dress'd in her wedding suit of varied dyes,

Besrew the churl that does not feel her charms,

And love to nestle in her blooming arms.

He has no heart, or such a heart, as I
Would not possess for all beneath the sky!"

" 'Twas sunset's hallow'd time; and such an eve

Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave.

Never did brighter glories meet the eye,

Low in the warm and ruddy western sky;

Or the light clouds, at summer eve, un-

fold

More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.

Some in the pure translucent, liquid breast

Of the clear lake, seem'd anchor'd fast to rest;

Like golden islets, scatter'd far and wide,
By elfin skill, in Fancy's fabled tide."

In the following simile, there is a pathetic and natural sweetness too rarely found in poetry:

'So when the wandering grand sire of our race,

On Ararat had found a resting-place,
At first a shoreless ocean met his eye,
Mingling on every side with one blue sky.

But, as the waters every passing day
Sunk in the earth, or rolled in mists away,

Gradual, the lofty hills like islands peep
From the rough bosom of the boundless deep.

Then the round hillocks, and the meadows green,

Each after each, in freshen'd bloom are seen;

Till, at the last, a fair and finish'd whole
Combined to win the gazing patriarch's soul.

Yet oft he look'd, I ween, with anxious eye,

In ling'ring hope, somewhere perchance to spy,

Within the silent world, some living thing,

Crawling on earth, or moving on the wing,

Or man or beast: alas! was neither there:
Nothing that breath'd of life in earth or air.

'Twas a vast silent mansion, rich and gay,
Whose occupant was drown'd the other day;

A church-yard, where the gayest flowers oft bloom

Anid the melancholy of the tomb;

A charnel house, where all the human race

Had pi'd their bones in one wide resting-place.

Sadly he turn'd from such a sight of woe,
And sadly sought the lifeless world below!"

In the portrait of the renegade, we have an excellent description of mere personal courage, unconsecrated by any virtuous feeling:

" One sole and lonely virtue still he had,
That only made the villain doubly bad,
'Twas courage, not that virtue of the brave

That lives on fame, and conquers still to save—

But a blood-thirsty instinct, wild and rude,

That fear and clemency alike subdued,
And lull'd the only conscience villains have,

The fear of death, the reck'ning of the grave."

Perhaps the whole poem contains nothing superior in effect to the following passage: it is one to which we think the epithet of sublime, so often perverted, may with strict justice be applied:

" In such a scene, the soul oft walks abroad,

For silence is the energy of God!
Not in the blackest tempest's midnight

scowl,
The earthquake's rocking, or the whirlwind's howl;
Not from the crashing thunder—ript cloud,

Does his immortal mandate speak so loud,
As when the silent night around her throws

Her star-bespangled mantle of repose;
Thunder and whirlwind, and the earth's dread shake,

The selfish thought of man alone awake;
His lips may prate of Heaven, but all his fears

Are for himself, though pious he appears.
But, when all nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,

What sweet, yet lofty thought, the soul beguiles!

There's not an object 'neath the moon's bright beam,

There's not a shadow dark'ning in the stream,

There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,

Whose bright reflexion on the water lies,
That does not in the lifted mind awake

Thoughts that of love and heaven alike partake:

While all its newly-waken'd feelings prove

That Love is Heaven, and God the soul of Love!"

The lines which follow appear to have been suggested by a well-known passage in lord Byron's

"Giaour," but the imitation is certainly no servile one:

"The Pagan Indian, and his Christian foe,
Slayer and slain, slept peaceably below;
And arms that erst in bloody tug had join'd,
In loving fellowship now lay entwined—
The great peace-maker, Death, makes all men friends,
The league he signs and sanctions never ends!"

The writer is not devoid of satirical talent, as his ridicule of the profound researches of Virtuosi, concerning antiques, which we possess in a very "questionable shape," will evince:

"Some mutilated trunk, decay'd and worn,
Of head bereft, of legs and arms all shorn;
Worthless, except to puzzle learned brains,
And cause a world of most laborious pains,
To find if this same headless, limbless thing,
A worthless godhead was, or worthless king."

In the interview between the savage prophet and Christian missionary, the author has introduced a trait in the discriminative exercise of the "tender mercies" of war, equally novel and affecting:

"The prophet gazed upon the bloodless sage,
And rev'rend' the divinity of age.
Were he an infant, still his blood should flow,
For helpless babes to sturdy warriors grow;
But time can ne'er the old man's strength restore,
Or wake the sleeping vigour of four-score."

He has likewise touched, with wholesome severity, upon the disposition shown by some of his countrymen to foster the exotic abuses and absurdities of European nations.

"Yes! the bright day is dawning, when the West
No more shall crouch before old Europe's crest—
When men who claim thy birthright, Liberty!
Shall burst their leading-strings, and dare be free;
Nor, while they boast thy blessings, trembling stand,
Like dastard slaves before her, cap in hand,
Cherish her old absurdities as new,
And all her cast-off follies here renew."

Our piratical attack upon Washington, during the late war, is more

than once alluded to in the poem, with severe, but we must admit, with merited reprehension. Indeed, throughout the work, the writer betrays an asperity of feeling towards England which we cannot altogether approve. Perhaps, too, in strict impartiality, his eulogiums on the present prosperity of his own country, must be censured as somewhat extravagant, and his predictions of her future greatness be regarded as rather too sanguine. But the patriotic sentiments which have given birth to these errors, though pushed, perhaps, to an excess, are at least honourable in themselves. The writer evidently loves his country, not only as his birth-place, but for the liberty she enjoys, and the independence to be found in her; and we should find it difficult to condemn the exuberance of feelings which have prompted such strains as the following:

"O, Independence! man's bright mental sun,
With blood and tears by our brave country won,
Parent of all high-mettled man adorns,
The nerve of steel, the soul that meanness scorns,
The mounting mind that spurns the tyrant's sway,
The eagle eye that mocks the god of day,
Turns on the lordly upstart scorn for scorn,
And drops its lid to none of woman born!"

We shall, though not without regret, close our extracts, with the poet's beautiful address to his country:

"Yes! lone and spotless virgin of the west!
No tyrant pillows on thy swelling breast,
Thou bow'st before no despot's guilty throne,
But bend'st the knee to God, and him alone!"

In taking our leave of this poem, we cannot refrain from expressing our wish that the author may pursue the career he has so successfully begun. His versification is occasionally harsh, and sometimes, though rarely, feeble; but there is a vigour, and what in wines, we should call a raciness, in his verse, that marks him for the accomplishment of greater things. We repeat our heartfelt satisfaction at the progress of poetry in America. She is the land of freedom and she should be the land of song. Liberty ever has been, and ever will be, the fostering

nurse of the muses. We are aware, that there are those who will cant about Mecenas and the Augustan age, as proofs of the beneficial influence of princely patronage upon literature; but they should remember, that Mecenas only cherished the talent he could not have created, and that the era of Augustus was the infancy of Roman despotism. The genius, which in its maturity prostituted itself to decorate the nascent triumphs of imperial power, was cradled in the lap of republicanism, and finally expired beneath despotic influence, by a gradual, but sure decay.

The Rise and Progress of the Gentleman's Magazine, with Anecdotes of the projector, and his early Associates. By John Nichols, F. S. A., &c. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 80.

A few copies of this little work, intended as a preface to the general index of the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1787 to 1818, have been printed separately and privately distributed. One of these is now before us, and offers too many topics for our consideration, to admit of being passed over without some marks of attention.

Whether we look at the venerable age of the Gentleman's Magazine, at its character and consistency; at its intrinsic value as a repertory of history, science, antiquities, biography, and literature; at its claims as the mirror of almost a century; or at perhaps its still higher claims, on account of the important influence it has had in the production of that periodical press, which now gives a tone to the age and operates so essentially in the destinies of mankind; in whichever of these points of view we look at this work, it certainly presents much for reflection to the public in general, and to the Editors of any similar undertaking in particular. To us, indeed, it is a subject of peculiar gratification. We have always held a very favourable opinion of this publication, and have constantly admired the steady pace with which it pursued its useful and entertaining objects, like a fine veteran, who has fought the battles of other years, and adheres to his formal regiments, accoutrements, and discipline, uninfected with the popinjay innovations in

dress, arms, and manoeuvring, which modern fashions introduce. We regard it too, as the respectable father of a long and numerous line of Letters, of great consequence to the world, and when we open its pages, taste the same sort of feeling, as if we were shaking hands with a respected old relative, from whose stores of experience and friendly chat we were sure to reap a pleasant hour's amusement. We are not sure that vanity has not some share in these kindly and complacent emotions: we perhaps indulge a thought, that our *Weekly Miscellany*, so strong in its youth, may equal, in longevity, its *Monthly* predecessor; and when its columns (not enfeebled, but strengthened by time) attain a like reverent age, that they may be contemplated by a multitude of successful peers, as the patriarchal origin and source of all their beneficial efforts to diffuse knowledge, encourage worth and virtue, and augment the happiness of the human race. These, 'tis true, are proud aspirings, yet we cannot be insensible to the influence which even our humble endeavours exercise, and we are certain, that this additional mode of propagating a love of literature and science, must soon come to be cultivated more at large, with a striking effect upon the manners and interests of society.

A truce, however, to egotism. The author of this book, in his 76th year, thus states his purpose, independent of its prefatory character. "Not to enter too deeply into the *arcana* of a Miscellaneous Publication, the very nature of which depends on a sort of Masonic secrecy, it may not be improper to introduce a few anecdotes, and to unfold some particulars, over which concealment is no longer needful. If I should in some instances be thought too minute, let it be attributed to the proper cause, the natural garrulity of age."

"This long-established Periodical Miscellany was commenced in January, 1731, by Edward Cave; who, by the admirable Memoir of Dr. Johnson, has been consigned to deserved celebrity."

This biography is so well known as to need no notice, and we shall only observe, in favour of the fair sex of our day, that it is probable, no young man would now meet, as

poor Cave did, with two "insolent" and "preserve" mistresses in succession, to drive him from his employments, whether as clerk to a collector of Excise, or apprentice to a printer.

The first Number of the Gentleman's Magazine was published in January, 1731, at St. John's Gate, and one of the reasons assigned for starting it was, to form a collection or *Magazine* of the essays, intelligence, &c. which appeared in the "200 half sheets per month," which the London press was then calculated to throw off, besides "written accounts," and, about as many more half sheets printed "elsewhere in the three kingdoms." Of the plan devised by Mr. Cave, Dr. Kippis says, "the invention of this new species of publication may be considered as something of an epocha in the literary history of this country. The periodical publications before that time were almost wholly confined to political transactions, and to foreign and domestic occurrences. But the magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree, hath enlarged the public understanding. Many young authors, who have afterwards risen to considerable eminence in the literary world, have here made their first attempts in composition. Here, too, are preserved a multitude of curious and useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared; or, if they had appeared in a more evanescent form, would have incurred the danger of being lost. If it were not an invidious task, the history of them would be no incurious or uninteresting subject. The magazines that unite utility with entertainment are undoubtedly preferable to those (if there had been any such) which have only a view to idle and frivolous amusement."

These remarks are very just, and merit the regard of most of our monthly brethren; of some of them, because they seem too often to think that mere badinage and droling are enough for this species of publication; of others because they

make their principal stand upon indifferent and wirey papers, written by persons of unstored minds; and of all, because the rare combination of utility and entertainment is frequently sacrificed to partiality, selfish views, personal provocations, and vapid nothings. To the credit of the Gentleman's Magazine it must be allowed that it invariably contains a portion of useful information, does adhere to the recognised characteristics of that class of compositions to which it belongs, and without being (to our apprehension) so vigorous as it might be in its critical department, offers a fair and agreeable miscellany for popular suffrage.

But the most interesting part of the Preface is the account it gives of the early intercourse of Dr. Johnson and other eminent men with periodical literature. Many of the anecdotes are piquant, and may, we presume, from the integrity of the quarter whence they are derived, be considered authentic. Among other things, Mr. Nichols says, "the tenor of this narrative requires that the name of Dr. Johnson should be prominently brought forward, in his early correspondence with Cave; which led to an uninterrupted friendship, and ultimately to Johnson's permanent celebrity." * *

"Speaking to me in conversation of his own employment, on his first arrival in town, Dr. Johnson observed, that he applied, among others, to Mr. Wilcox, then a bookseller of some eminence in the Strand; who, after surveying Johnson's robust frame, with a significant look said, 'Young man, you had better buy a porter's knot!' — The great Moralist, far from being offended at the advice which had been given to him, added, 'Wilcox was one of my best friends.' — He added, that Cave was a generous paymaster; but, in bargaining for poetry, he contracted for lines by the hundred, and expected the *long hundred*." * *

"Sir John Hawkins, speaking of Johnson's Translations, says, 'Cave's acquiescence in the above proposal drew Johnson into a close intimacy with him. He was much at St. John's Gate; and taught Garrick the way thither.—Cave had no great relish for mirth, but he could bear it; and having been told by Johnson, that his friend had talents

for the theatre, and was come to London with a view to the profession of an Actor, expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. Garrick readily complied, and, as Cave himself told me, with a little preparation of the room over the great arch of St. John's Gate, and with the assistance of a few journeymen printers, who were called together for the purpose of reading the other parts, represented, with all the graces of comic humour, the principal character in Fielding's farce of *The Mock Doctor*.

In the preface to the Vol. for 1740, we detect the Doctor's style. For example:—"Having now concluded our Tenth Volume, we are unwilling to send it out without a Preface, though none of the common topics of prefaces are now left us To implore the candour of the public to a work so well received, would expose us to the imputation of affected modesty or insatiable avarice. To promise the continuance of that industry, which has hitherto so generally recommended us, is at least unnecessary; since from that alone we can expect the continuance of our success. To criticise the imitations of our Magazine, would be to trample on the dead, to disturb the dying, or encounter the still-born. To recommend our undertaking by any encomiums of our own, would be to suppose mankind have hitherto approved it without knowing why. And to mention our errors or defects, would be to do for our rivals what they have never yet been able to do for themselves."

It is further stated, "a new era in politics bringing on much warmer parliamentary debates, required 'the pen of a more nervous writer than he who had hitherto conducted them' and 'Cave, dismissing Guthrie, committed the care of this part of his monthly publication to Johnson,' who had already given ample specimens of his ability. But the Lilliputian disguise was still continued, even beyond the period of Johnson's Debates; [which, as has been authenticated by his own Diary, began Nov. 19, 1740, and ended Feb. 23, 1742-3.] And these Debates, which, every competent judge must allow, exhibit a memorable specimen of the extent and promptitude of Johnson's faculties, and which have induced learned foreign-

ers to compare British with Roman eloquence, were hastily sketched by Johnson while he was not yet 32, while he had little acquaintance with life, while he was struggling, not for distinction, but existence."

The truth of this assertion is corroborated by a singular story. In 1743, after the publication of the Life of Savage, which was anonymous, "Mr. Walter Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work. Cave told Harte, when they next met, that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of Savage's Life. 'How could that be?' Cave replied, 'You might observe I sent a plate of victuals behind the skreen. There skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly.'

These extracts will serve to show, that the present publication possesses curious attractions not to be expected from its title. We shall quote another instance. Mr. Boyse was a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazing between 1741 and 1743. "When in a spunging-house in Grocers'-alley, in the Poultry, he wrote the following letter to Cave, which was communicated by the late Mr. Astle to the late Dr. Kipps.

"*Inscription for St. Lazarus' Cave.*

"Hodie, teste celo summo,
Sine panno, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infeste,
Scribo tibi dolens maste:
Fame, bile tumet jecur,
URBANE, mitte opem, precor
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non a malis alienum:
Mihi mens nec male grata,
Pro a te favore data.

"Ex gehenna debitoria, ALCEUS.
vulgo domo spongiatoria.

"Sir,—I wrote you yesterday an account of my unhappy case. I am every moment threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past which is usually paid beforehand, and I am loth to go into the Compter, till I can see if my affair can possibly be made up; I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for sup-

port till I finish your papers in my hands.—The Ode to the British Nation I hope to have done to-day, and want a proof copy of that part of Stowe you design for the present Magazine, that it may be improved as far as possible from your assistance. Your papers are but ill transcribed. I agree with you respecting St. Augustine's Cave. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed, so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of. I am, with sincere regard,

Sir,

"Your unfortunate humble servant,
"S. BOYSE.

"Crown Coffee-house, Grocer's-alley,
Poultry, July 21, 1742.

"I send Mr. Van Haren's Ode on Britain.

"To Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell."

"July 21, 1742. Received from Mr. Cave the sum of half a guinea, by me, in confinement. S. BOYSE."

"The greater number of the Poems which Boyse wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine, during the years above mentioned, are reprinted in Mr. Alexander Chalmers's late edition of the English Peets; but all his fugitive pieces were not written for the Magazine, some of them having been composed long before he had formed a connexion with Cave, and, as there is reason to believe, were sent in manuscript to such persons as were likely to make him a pecuniary return. Mr. Boyse died in May, 1749."

We must now conclude, which we do with one other extract of literary interest, and with sincere respect for the patriarch of our craft, to whose deserts we are happy in having had an opportunity to offer our tribute. "I have, (says Mr. N.) mentioned, on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, that the price given by Mr. Robert Dodsley for 'London,' Johnson's First Imitation of Juvenal, was *fifty pounds*. But Mr. Boswell says, 'the fact is, that, at a future conference, Dodsley bargained for the whole property of it, for which he gave Johnson *ten guineas*; who told me, 'I might, perhaps, have accepted of less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got *ten guineas* for a poem;

and I did not like to be less than Whitehead."—For "The Vanity of Human Wishes," his second Imitation of Juvenal, in 1749, with all the same which he had acquired, it is certain that he received only fifteen guineas."

LE SOLITAIRE.

(Continued from page 781.)

Elodie arose with the first beams of the sun, and from the window of her tower beheld in the park preparations for a brilliant fête. In the garden triumphal arches sprung up as if created by the hand of enchantment. On one side was a temple dedicated to Beauty, on the other a grotto sacred to Love. Magnificent banners floated from every tree. While she gazed with astonishment on the scene before her, the door of her apartment opened, and the Countess of Imberg appeared. "Elodie," said she, in a tone of affectionate regard, "with the assistance of the inhabitants of the village, I have prepared a fête to celebrate the anniversary of your birth. This is a happy day for us all. To the villagers it gave a benefactress, and to me a daughter!"

The Countess led the maid of Underlach to the gallery of the monastery, at the extremity of which, on an elevated platform, a chair was placed, surrounded by warlike trophies, and surmounted by an embroidered canopy. Conducted by her adopted mother, Elodie ascended the steps of the platform, and seated herself on the chair. In a moment the Prince of Palzo presented himself before her, attended by a numerous retinue of knights, 'quires, and pages, whose scarfs, banners, and plumes were all of azure blue, Elodie's favourite colour. Lances, swords and bucklers were immediately lowered before the orphan of the abbey, and the Prince of Palzo, kneeling, laid his sword at her feet. But a new wonder was prepared for her! Seated in a car, shaded by an awning of celestial blue, Elodie was drawn, by a band of mountaineers, to an amphitheatre in the park, prepared for a tournament. The cry of *Glory to Heroes! Love to Ladies!* resounded on all sides. Knights in full armour, superbly mounted, entered the lists. From a gilded balcony, the maid of Underlach gazed with wonder on feats of courage, grace, and dexte-

rity, such as her imagination had never before conceived.

The combats being ended, the fair hands of Elodie crowned the victors, and distributed the rewards of valour. Beneath a tent covered with cloth of gold, relieved by festoons of azure and wreaths of flowers, a splendid banquet was prepared for the heroes of the fête. Every enchantment, every pleasure surrounded the orphan.

The repast being ended, the prince conducted Elodie to an illuminated grove, at the extremity of which appeared the temple of Hymen, surrounded by a group of sylphs. The gates of the temple opened, and Elodie was dazzled by the brilliant spectacle which now presented itself to her view. She appeared to be under the influence of a dream, and vainly endeavoured to collect her thoughts. The altar of Hymen attracted her attention. In front appeared the names of Elodie and Palzo blended together in luminous characters; while, on every side, vases of gold, filled with incense, exhaled the perfumes of Arabia. Impelled by the seductions which surrounded her, she had involuntarily advanced to the steps of the temple; the Prince of Palzo was at her feet; he no longer doubted his triumph.—A sudden thought crossed the mind of Elodie! To enter the temple was to give a tacit consent to the wishes of the prince; to approach the altar was almost to plight her faith. She stopt—the enchantment vanished; a sudden tremor pervaded her frame. She disengaged herself from the flowery chains with which a group of young loves had entwined her, and fled to the outlet of the grove. The prince followed her; his lips pronounced the tenderest supplications of love; when suddenly an armed knight appeared before him, and presenting to him a sealed billet, silently saluted him and disappeared. Palzo seized the letter, precipitately tore off the envelope, perused the contents, and trembled. Elodie, availing herself of this favourable opportunity, immediately fled to the monastery.

She was soon joined by the Countess, who greeted her with her wonted kindness. "My dear Elodie," said she, "Providence having intrusted me with the care of the orphan of Underlach, I came hither to fulfil a

sacred duty; but what pure joy has been reserved for me! The Prince of Palzo loves you. His passion for your charms amounts to madness, his admiration of your virtues is carried to idolatry. Surely the heart of my Elodie cannot be insensible to the merits of her adorer. The greatest hero of Lorraine is alone worthy of the fairest lady in Switzerland."

"My honoured mother," replied Elodie, "since you permit me to call you so, I cannot express my gratitude! your goodness has surpassed all my hopes! But, oh, madam, urge not, I implore you, this union with the Prince of Palzo. I cannot love him, but at least my heart is incapable of deceiving him. I am not worthy of an alliance which would raise me to too exalted a sphere." "Charming Elodie," resumed the Countess, "far from me be the thought of controlling your wishes. I was anxious to defer the intended union, conscious that the more you know Palzo, the more you will appreciate his merits. But delay is now impossible; the prince cannot longer remain at the monastery; it is time that I should reveal to you a part of his secrets. Know then, that at the head of a powerful army, ready to invade Lorraine, the Prince of Palzo is now opening his way to the throne. The king of France has declared himself his friend, and seconds his designs. I cannot explain myself more fully on this subject. It is sufficient to inform you, that during the fête the prince received a dispatch, intimating that his plans were on the point of being betrayed by a secret enemy. Not a moment must be lost, it is time to strike the decisive blow, and a crown will be the reward of the victor. The prince must immediately quit Switzerland; but, as ardent in love as he is valiant and invincible in war, he will not repair to the field of glory until Elodie shall have conferred on him the title of husband." Her artful and perfidious address produced on the orphan an effect totally opposite to what she had expected. The daughter of Saint Maur rose, and in a tone of energy pronounced the following words:—"My resolution is fixed. A lawful diadem would not have dazzled me; but from a usurped throne I shrink with horror. The dark path of conspiracy

is not the road to glory. Elodie will never be the bride of the rebel chief?" "Orphan of Underlach," resumed the Countess, "the caprice of a child can be no obstacle to the wishes of a mother. Since the language of persuasion has no influence over your mind, prepare to obey my peremptory mandate. Two days hence the Prince of Palzo shall receive your hand."

Elodie retired weeping to her apartment. She threw herself on her couch; but sleep refused to grant even a short respite to her misery. frantic with despair, she resolved to kindle the watch-light of the tower. Who can assist her but the man of mystery? Who can save her but the Recluse?

With a light step the maid of Underlach crossed the corridor of the abbey, and, with a lamp in her hand, ascended the staircase leading to the tower. She mounted the platform, like another Hero giving the signal to Leander, and in a moment the watch-light blazed in the surrounding darkness. She then returned to her chamber, and once more threw herself on her sleepless couch.

Long ere the inhabitants of the monastery had risen, Elodie repaired to the chapel; there, whatever suffering she endured, her heart never failed to receive consolation. Prayer, the sovereign balm of affliction, is the sacred link which unites earth to heaven. From the foot of the altar, she directed her course to the silent vault where reposed the mortal remains of her mother. A funeral lamp, which burned night and day, shed a pale and glimmering light through the abode of death. Reclining on the tomb, absorbed in melancholy reflections, her attention was suddenly roused by a noise at the further extremity of the vault. A door, hitherto unknown to her, immediately opened, and the Recluse of the Wild Mountain stood before her!

The daughter of Saint-Maur uttered a shriek of surprise and joy. "You are come!" said she with transport, rushing to meet him; and then, as if embarrassed by this first movement, she cast down her eyes and blushed. "Elodie has summoned me," replied the Recluse; "what order has she to give me?" "What order?" repeated Elodie in

a tone of tenderness. "Do I then possess the right to order you?" "Speak!" replied the Recluse; "I am ready to obey you. You have forced me to betray my oaths; to unsheathe this sword, which I had cast aside with horror; and for you I now feel the palpitations of a heart which I had sworn to preserve cold and insensible. Elodie," pursued he, "why have you summoned me hither?" "This chapel," replied the orphan, "is already prepared for the nuptials of Elodie and the prince of Palzo, and yet you ask why I have summoned you to my aid?" At this reply the countenance of the Recluse became violently agitated, and, half unsheathing his sword, "More blood!" he exclaimed; "has not this blade yet shed enough?—Where is Palzo?"—"Heavens!" exclaimed Elodie, "what act of madness would you commit?" Trembling with apprehension, she seized the hand of the Recluse, and pressed it within her own. The magical contact instantly wrought a transformation in his frame. He involuntarily raised to his lips the trembling hand which sought to detain him. The fire of anger no longer runs through his veins; the lion of the desert has lost his ferocity.

"Pardon me!" said the Recluse, resuming his original calmness; "the name of Palzo, the presumptuous wretch who dares aspire to your hand, excited in me a feeling of rage and indignation which I was unable to repress. Dear Elodie," he continued, "even before the watch-light had summoned me to your aid, I was prepared to deliver you from the power of your tyrants. You shall never be the bride of Palzo!" "And who then shall extinguish the nuptial torch?" exclaimed the daughter of Saint Maur. "I!" replied the Recluse. "You! Oh, for Heaven's sake, hazard not your life! Promise! swear that you will not risk your safety!" These words, uttered in a tone of frantic tenderness, powerfully agitated the Recluse. "Fear not for me, Elodie," he replied, "I shall not quit the mountain. You have implored my aid, and you shall be rescued! you have relied on my devotion, and you shall be saved!" He had reached the secret door of the vault, and was about to disappear—"Stay!" said Elodie, "one moment!" "Alas!"

resumed the Recluse, wherefore detain me? Though your presence purify the air I breathe, yet your virtues cannot absolve me!—Far from you, as if erased from the book of life, I am doomed to wander in darkness.—Elodie, you weep!—Ah! my misery rouses your pity!—my incomprehensible destiny excites your interest!—Let me be justified in your heart, and Heaven will pardon me!—Say that you love me, and I shall be saved!"—You are saved!" exclaimed Elodie in an emphatic tone. "Swear," resumed the Recluse, "that you will be only mine!"—"On this tomb?" said Elodie, recoiling with horror. "Why not?" replied the Recluse; "death is as sacred as life!" Yielding to the irresistible impulse of the moment, as if before the altar of Hymen, she placed her hand on the funeral urn, and said, "I swear to be none but yours!"—"And I," exclaimed the Recluse, will have no bride but Elodie! Elodie or death!"

At this moment the great bell of the abbey tolled. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the terrified Elodie, "what awful voice pronounces the nuptial benediction!" But immediately recollecting herself, she said, "it is the hour of morning prayers. Adieu!" and casting on the Recluse a look of mingled love, sorrow, and regret, she hastened from the vault, and closed the subterranean door.

On her return she found the countess in the grand hall of the abbey. Magnificent nuptial presents, which had just arrived from Nanci, were pompously displayed before the daughter of Saint Maur. But nothing astonished, nothing charmed her, and, like a calm spectator of another's nuptials, she gazed on every thing with indifference.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for the fatal nuptials, Elodie, having retired to her chamber, was suddenly alarmed by a noise in the court-yard of the abbey. She flew to her window. What a spectacle presented itself. The monastery was surrounded on all sides by a numerous force. The guards of Palzo, suddenly surprised, were disarmed and made prisoners. The standard of the duke of Lorraine was hoisted on the tower. The troops of René had possessed themselves of all the posts and outlets of

the abbey, and, like a citadel taken by surprise, the monastery was in the power of a new master.

The countess Imberg, overwhelmed with dismay, presented herself to Elodie. Despair and terror were imprinted on her countenance; the protectress now implores the aid of the protegee. In the name of the duke of Lorraine, Palzo was arrested on the charge of high treason. Loaded with fetters, he was confined in one of the dungeons of the abbey, by order of the commander of the force of René; and that commander was no other than the count de Norindall. The countess Imberg, the friend and confidant of Palzo, would, doubtless, be implicated in the plot. The countess was aware of Egbert's passion for Elodie; that passion might be the means of saving her, and she, therefore, sought the protection of her adopted daughter.

Moved by the despair of the countess, Elodie, forgetting her cruel persecutions, endeavoured to console her by every possible means. She hastened to intercede with the count de Norindall in her behalf. In spite of his efforts to disguise his sentiments, Egbert was powerfully agitated at the sight of Elodie. He explained to her the cause of his unexpected visit, and detailed the odious plot, of which the duke of Lorraine had received the most indubitable proofs. "Noble knight," said Elodie, "who could have unveiled to your sovereign the treachery of Palzo?" "Who but the Recluse!" replied Egbert. "The Recluse," repeated Elodie, "but how could he himself have discovered the plot? how could he have revealed it to the duke of Lorraine?" "Fair Elodie," answered Egbert, "it is certain that he has discovered all; though by what means I know not. He was born to astonish the universe. Even at this moment he could, with a single word, change the fate of Europe." "He," exclaimed Elodie, "Oh Heavens! explain yourself!" Without replying to these words, Egbert, turning to look on the nuptial presents of the prince of Palzo, said, "this morning Palzo was to have led Elodie to the altar. Alas!" continued he, "the breath of misfortune has for me extinguished the torch of Hymen, and blighted the flowers of love!" "And

the sister of the duke of Lorraine?" said Elodie eagerly—"She is the happy bride of a German prince," interrupted the count; "kneeling at the feet of his sovereign, Egbert confessed his passion for another, and René pardoned him."

On the following day, Egbert was to quit Switzerland; how could Elodie remain at the monastery, when her presence at Nanci might be the means of saving the countess? How could she in the moment of adversity, abandon her, who, amidst prosperity, had undertaken a long and fatiguing journey for her sake. But, on the other hand, how could she leave the Recluse! How fly from the mysterious being who was in some measure attached to her destiny! At length, however, duty triumphed over love, and Elodie resolved not to forsake the protectress whom Herstall had chosen for her.

The inhabitants of the village were no longer banished from the monastery. Father Anselmo hastened to visit his young friend, delighted to find that she had escaped from danger. The maid of Underlach acquainted the old man with her determination to accompany the countess Imberg to Nanci, in order to defend her on her trial. Though the pastor of Underlach condemned in his own mind the guilty friend of Palzo, yet he could not but applaud the generous sentiments of the orphan. Besides, the journey would separate her from the Recluse, at least for a time. Some powerful knight of the court of Lorraine might banish the stranger of the mountain from her memory. Anselmo, therefore, approved of her departure, and bade her a tender farewell.

At midnight the count de Norindall and his numerous escort quitted the monastery. The countess and Elodie were mounted on mules, richly caparisoned. Surrounded by guards and loaded with chains the prince of Palzo was conducted in front of the procession. The gray walls of the monastery were already lost in the distance. On every side appeared mountains whose lofty summits seemed to tower above the clouds.—Elodie was proceeding rapidly onwards, escorted by count Egbert and a few knights, when she was suddenly startled by a name

almost magical, pronounced by some one near her, this name was—*The Recluse!*

The procession had reached the foot of the Wild Mountain. Elodie eagerly fixed her eyes on the mysterious forest; her heart beat with violence. She felt convinced that the man who could penetrate the secret plans of princes and courts, must have observed the preparations for her departure from Underlach; and he doubtless knew the hour at which she was likely to cross the desert passes. Near the summit of the mountain, Elodie perceived a rude habitation, in front of which rose a few slender fir trees. Close to the rude dwelling appeared a kind of warlike trophy, from which was suspended an emblazoned shield. Egbert suddenly stopped, and making a sign to his followers, all immediately bowed, lowering their lances to the ground, before the wild hut of the Recluse. The salute being ended, the friend of René pursued his course, without appearing to remark the surprise of Elodie. What means this homage rendered to the man of mystery! The powerful count de Norindall has prostrated himself before the hut of the Recluse! The troops of Egbert hastened their march. They had already passed the defiles of the Wild Mountain, and had reached the Terrible Peak. Night was advancing, and all seemed to apprehend danger.

The rebels had learned the arrest of Palzo. The departure of Egbert, the route he was to take, all were known to them. The insurgent chiefs had resolved to rescue the prince. Near the Terrible Peak, their mountaineers lay in ambush, to surprise and put to flight the troops of René. "Count de Norindall," said the countess, after a long pause, "do you observe that pointed rock. It seems tinged with blood! Hark! how mournfully the wind howls through the clefts! Noble knight! whether do you lead us?" Before Egbert had time to reply, a shower of arrows, issuing from the forest, spread consternation among his troops. Pikes and lances appeared on every side, and the followers of Egbert were surrounded by rebel mountaineers. A dreadful combat ensued. The guards of Palzo fell bathed in blood; the chief

of the insurgents, armed with a lance, was soon at the head of his deliverers, and the perfidious countess of Imberg sought refuge under the rebel banner.

Egbert, with the fury of a lion, defended the approach to the Terrible Peak. Valour at length triumphed over numbers, and disorder pervaded the ranks of the insurgents. The prince of Palzo sought the daughter of Saint-Maur. He saw her at the foot of the rock, and flew to seize her—when the count de Norindall rushed between him and his victim. Armed by vengeance, and implacable rivals, the two warriors fought with all the fury of hatred. For a few moments both appeared to be invincible, when suddenly an arrow shot by a mountaineer, pierced the cuirass of Egbert. Elodie uttered a shriek of horror and despair. Alas! the prince of Palzo triumphs!

At that moment a loud explosion was heard on the Terrible Peak. A cloud of smoke ascended to the clouds; and, as if issuing from a flaming chariot, the bleeding phantom appeared on the summit of the rock. The mountaineers, overwhelmed with horror, stood petrified and motionless, like the soldiers of Phineas at sight of the Gorgon's head. The prince of Palzo gazed on the colossal phantom, which was arrayed in a robe of scarlet, while the blood seemed to drip from its thick and matted hair. The glaring eye of the phantom rolled wildly in its orbit, and appeared to consume every object on which it fixed its glance.

The count de Norindall still valiantly resisted the multiplied blows of Palzo. The orphan raised her eyes on the rebel chief. A sudden paleness overspread his countenance; the sword fell from his hand, and he dropped lifeless at the feet of his adversary. An arrow, shot by the bleeding phantom, had pierced the heart of Palzo.

The count de Norindall is saved! Elodie returned thanks to Heaven. Once more raising her eyes to the Terrible Peak, she thought she saw the bleeding phantom descending rapidly towards her, and, overcome with terror, she swooned away.

On recovering, a multitude of confused ideas clouded her mind. She seemed to be rapidly floating through

the air. She felt herself borne onwards by some unknown power, whose rapid flight was impeded by no obstacle. It could not be a dream. She raised her languid eyelid, and ventured to cast a timid look on the unknown object which sustained her drooping head.—Oh, horror! She was in the arms of the bleeding phantom!—The daughter of Saint-Maur uttered a shriek of terror—“Elodie! Elodie!” exclaimed a tender and supplicating voice. The well-known accent vibrated through the heart of the orphan. She raised her head, and her eyes met those of the Recluse!

The Recluse was still arrayed in the disguise of the bleeding phantom. But alarm had ceased to agitate the frame of Elodie. Beneath the garb of terror, her lover's heart throbbed in unison with her own. Suddenly she perceived a trophy of war, and near it a hermitage surrounded with trees. She immediately recognized the emblazoned shield which count Egbert had so lately saluted. “Where am I?” said she, turning to the Recluse; “whither would you convey me?”—“To the rock of the exile,” he replied; “to the hermitage of the Recluse; here is his only abode, and wild roots and the water of the torrent his only subsistence. Elodie!—is this a fit bridegroom for innocence and beauty!—but,” added he, pointing to the shield on which were emblazoned the arms of royalty, “I was not always what I now am. There was a time when my name resounded through Europe. Alas! this shield is all that remains of my past triumphs.” Then seizing the hand of Elodie, “Speak,” added he, “if fortune and glory have any charms for thee, I can yet possess them. A single word will elevate me to a station more exalted than before!—dispose of my destiny.” “I have ever despised worldly dignities,” replied Elodie. “Come then,” resumed the mysterious inhabitant of the mountain, “let us enter the hermitage. Be the bride of the exile. Alas! why dare I not pronounce another name!—that name would operate like a fatal talisman, and deprive me of the heart of Elodie!”

“Pronounce it fearlessly,” replied the orphan. “You shall be satisfied,” exclaimed the Recluse; “my name, my errors, my destiny, my life, shall

be unfolded to you, and I will await your judgment; but, for Heaven's sake, do not quit this rock—do not abandon this wild retreat. The wounded Egbert has been conveyed to the monastery, which is still in the power of his troops. The countess no longer lives; her mule, scared by the flames of the Terrible Peak, precipitated her into the torrent. Occupied in retracing my sad history, I shall, for a few hours, retire to the thickest part of the forest. Meanwhile, Elodie, promise not to quit the hermitage.” The orphan promised, and the Recluse instantly disappeared.

When abandoned to herself, her mind became racked by the most gloomy forebodings. She dreaded the approach of the fatal moment, which was to decide her fate. Already the rays of the setting sun gilded the mountains. “Perhaps,” said the orphan, “those are to me the last rays of happiness!” At length the Recluse appeared. His countenance was pale and agitated. “Elodie, follow me!” he said, and immediately descended the mountain. She rose and followed her silent guide. Some awful event seemed to threaten her. Not far from Lake Morat the Recluse suddenly stopped. Elodie looked around her, and uttered a shriek of horror. She found herself at the entrance of a vaulted monument, the walls and roof of which were lined with human bones: on every side appeared columns formed of skulls closely piled upon each other.—It seemed like a triumphal arch, raised by vengeance to ferocity.

“Where am I?” exclaimed the terrified Elodie. “In the bone-house of Morat,” replied the Recluse, “and I am—*Charles the Bold!*”—With these words, throwing aside his long black mantle, he appeared in the armour of a conqueror, and stood in the centre of the vast sepulchre, as if on the throne of death.—“Charles the Bold!” repeated the wretched Elodie—“you the sanguinary duke of Burgundy! the murderer of my father!” “Yes,” replied he, “I am the implacable Charles, he who was once the scourge of Europe. I now reveal my name in this infernal grotto, surrounded by all the recollections and horrors of my life. Daughter of Saint Maur, curse me!—I deserve my fate.”—

"No!" said the orphan, with energy, recovering from the shock which had for a few moments subdued her—"the vengeance of Heaven is appeased, and you are pardoned!" "Repeat those words again," exclaimed the Recluse; "spirit of hope and mercy! fulfil thy divine mission, and absolve me!" "Let us return to the hermitage," said Elodie, and she speedily regained the path leading to the Wild Mountain.

On entering the hut, she remained for a few moments, as if deprived of sense. The unfortunate Charles soon appeared: "Here," said he, presenting her with a manuscript, "is the history of my life. Peruse it, and judge me!—If you think my crimes have been expiated, if misfortune claims your sympathy, if innocence can pardon the repentance of guilt, address to me a few lines of hope, and deposit them in the hollow trunk of the willow tree, at the foot of the mountain."—The Recluse left the hermitage, and Elodie, unfolding the fatal manuscript, read as follows.

[To be conclud'd.]

USEFUL ARTS.

Specification of a Patent lately granted in England, for a Method of making portable Machines or Instruments to be placed upon a Desk or Table, and so contrived as to fold or not into a small Compass, made of Wood, Brass, or other Metal, to support a silkens Shade, for the Purpose of protecting the Eyes from a strong Light; added to which is a green, blue, or other coloured Glass, in a frame, and in such a Position, that, when placed opposite a Window, Lamp or Candle, it will take off the Glare of white Paper, by shedding a green or blue, or any other Tinge dependent upon the Colour of the Glass Reflector, upon the Book or Paper placed within the Bounds of its Shadow, so that Print, however small, or Writing, is rendered more plain and legible, by reason of the Glare being thus taken off the white Paper, and particularly by Candle-light; by this Means the Eyes of the Reader or Writer will be relieved from injuriously dwelling upon a white Surface. Dated March 18, 1820.

To all to whom these presents shall come, &c. Now know ye, that

in compliance with the said proviso, I the said Frederic Mighells Van Heythuysen do hereby declare that the nature of my said invention, or apparatus, for supporting a green or other coloured glass in such a position so that the rays of light, either from a window, or candle or lamp, shall be made to shed a tinge of green upon a book or paper placed within its influence, whereby the glare of light shall be taken off white paper, and the rays of light softened and cooled, which machine I call a sight-preserver, and may be affixed to a candlestick or lamp containing ignited oil or gas, or any other inflammable article, the manner of using and making the same is described in the following explanation thereof; that is to say: When not attached to a lamp or candlestick (although in that case it must be used with a candle, or lamp or light, from a window) the coloured glass is fixed in a frame, manufactured of metal or wood, which frame is fixed upon a joint to a telescope-slide, rising out of a pedestal, so that the glass screen can be raised, as may be found necessary, to keep it in a proper level with the light; and the joint by which the telescope-slide is fixed to the frame is supplied with a double nob or thumb-screw, to tighten the said joint when it becomes too easy or slack by friction, to support steadily the glass, either in an oblique or horizontal position, as may be required, to cast the tinge upon the place desired: to which may be added another joint, to act in a contrary direction to the last, so that the glass may be placed so as to cast a tinge of green, or other colour according to the colour of the glass, upon a book whilst a person reclines back in his chair and reads: this may also be accomplished by what is termed a ball and socket joint, or by what is also called an universal joint. On the top of this frame, for the purpose of further guarding the eyes from the bad effects of a strong light, I fix a ball, through this ball a hole is perforated, to pass a wire, to form a frame, into which is sewn silk or other stuff for a screen. Another hole is also made partly through the said ball, into which a thumb-screw is introduced, to press or grip the wire silk screen to keep it perpendicular, even if the glass should be in an oblique or horizontal position:

course this screen may be made of any other material, but that which I have described I prefer, it being the most light and elegant.

This machine is very portable, as the glass screen can be folded back and the wire silk screen taken off, so that it can be packed in a small case, and sent to any part of the world. When this glass screen or sight preserver is fixed to a candlestick, the sconce or sconces to contain the candle or candles must project from the shaft of the candlestick, by the means of branches, either permanently fixed or so as to be taken off at the will of the owner. And the frames, with the joints above described, containing the glass screen, &c. made to rise out of the shaft of the candlestick, either by the assistance of a telescope slide or rod to draw out of the shaft, which can be tightened by a screw; when it is as high or as low as may be found necessary to keep it in a proper level with the light, as the candles burn down or are replaced by others. When fixed to a lamp or gas-pipe there will be no need of the telescope-slide or rod with a screw; but the screw, together with the joints before described, may be fixed to the lamp upon a small branch, which may be so contrived as to take off or put on at the desire of the person using it.

In witness whereof, &c.

OBSERVATIONS

This invention is intended to relieve the eyes from the pernicious glare of white paper, &c. when read or written upon. By the assistance of a blueish green glass screen the yellow rays of light issuing from a lamp or candle intermix, and shed a beautiful and delicate tinge of green upon a book, paper, fine needle-work, &c. In the manufacture of the glass, nothing but transparent colours are made use of; so that no shade is cast, but simply a refreshing greenness, which effectually takes the glare off the white surface, softens the rays of light, and produces the most pleasing and comfortable sensation to that susceptible and valuable organ.

It is rather extraordinary, that nothing of this kind has been invented before, when its utility is so apparent. Some have ignorantly assimilated this invention with Count Rovford's lamp, but this

arises from hazarding an opinion, without being acquainted with the premises, for such persons cannot have seen the present invention, the two inventions being as distinct as two things can differ from one and the other. Count Romford's never did answer the purpose, and consequently sunk into oblivion. This machine does not deprive the apartment of a ray of light, as is the case with reading lamps formed of ground glass, or with opaque shades, nor, mischievously, centrate the rays into a focus, poring directly on a book or paper, consequently producing a most glaring and destructive resplendency.

Some years ago a party of Gentlemen commenced a subscription for the purpose of printing upon paper tinged with a green colour; but, after having given the experiment a trial, it was found that the expense was too great, so that the scheme was abandoned. Here all the advantages of looking upon a green surface is obtained at a very trifling expense.

It is lamentable to observe, how many literary characters have impaired their sight by directing their vision so frequently upon a white surface, and, indeed, the observation may be applied to all those who have the blessing of education; defective vision being the inevitable consequences of exposing the eyes to the glare of white, more particularly by candle-light.

Providence has clothed the vegetable kingdom in a green livery, it being the most grateful colour of animal vision. As a proof of this proposition, that defective vision is principally confined to the higher orders of society, it may be asserted that it is scarcely known among the agricultural classes in this and other parts of the temperate zone, being chiefly confined to the literary. The untutored Esquimaux is sensible of the bad effects of the glaring white snow with which his bleak country is covered and has exerted his ingenuity to counteract its bad effects. Again, we hear of the peasantry who reside near the glaciers of Switzerland, or within the frigid zone, where, for the greatest part of the year, snow shrouds the earth, have their sight impaired, even to blindness. From these well-known facts, it may be justly concluded,

that the looking upon a white object, for any length of time, must be in the highest degree detrimental, as well as unpleasant.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

WITH CRITICAL REMARKS.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

ANTIQUITIES.

History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of Oxford. By John Britton. Medium 4to. 1l. 4s. Super-royal folio, 4l. 4s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of eminent Scotsmen, Poets. Parts 1, 2, and 3. London, 18mo. 2s. 6d. each part.

We are informed by an article printed on the cover of this neat little work, that the plan of giving these memoirs to the public originated with a convivial association, known in the metropolis by the name of the "Ancient Scots," and composed of a select number of natives of Scotland. Each candidate for admission is required to furnish the society with a memoir of an eminent countryman, written by himself, which must be publicly read previous to his election. The society is asserted to be as ancient as the accession of James the Sixth (of Scotland) to the English throne: but that its records extend at present only to the year 1770. These accumulated memoirs, it was resolved, at a general meeting on St. Andrew's Day, 1820, should be printed in separate classes. In pursuance of this resolution, the present memoirs of the Scottish poets have been commenced, and three parts have already appeared, beautifully printed, with small engravings of the principal characters in each—No. I. contains memoirs of James the First, Thomas the Rhymer, Barfou'r, Wyntoun, Douglas, Ramsay, Meston, Home, Beattie, and Burns.—No. II. James V., Dunbar, Inglis, Henry the Minstrel, Lindsay, Barclay, Montgomery, Stirling, Drummond, Thomson, Oswald.—No. III. contains James VI., Maitland, Johnston, Hamilton of Banjour, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, Colvil, Ross, Armstrong, Ogilvie, Macpherson, and Salmon.

A collection like these lives was a desideratum in our national literature. Perhaps the present contains some names which might have been spared on the ground of the slender title they possess to take rank among the poets of their country, but this is an error on the right side. It is better for the reader to possess them than to find an omission of one name, whose title to the character of Scottish bard was indisputable. The memoir of James the First is highly interesting, and he appears to have outshone all the other royal Scottish claimants to the poetic character. His very

history is poetical, and his long captivity at Windsor, which first directed his hand to the lyre, and inspired his strains with a love purer than monarchs in general feel, has a great deal of the romantic in its character. A captive falling in love with an object—not unworthy of his passion, from the window where he had pined for eighteen years in durance, marrying the beloved object, mounting a throne, becoming the idol of his people, and being assassinated at last by a vile conspiracy of nobles, even forms a subject for the tragic muse suitable to her highest efforts. The poems of James IV., entitled the 'King's Quair,' and 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' are considered his principal works. His style is very free from impurities, considering the age in which he wrote, and abounds with fine feeling. James the Fifth, in whose life there were also touches of the romantic, can hardly lay claim to the character of poet. Two ballads only are ascribed to him, the 'Gaberlunzie man' and the 'Jolie Beggar,' and that they are really his is very doubtful. The mean and pusillanimous James the Sixth left nothing that can do honour to Scottish poetry. But it is more refreshing to turn to names with better titles to be honoured in the Republic of Letters. After Thomas the Rhymer, John Barfou'r, and others, we have an account of the author of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which will be read with great pleasure. We could follow these memoirs one by one, and dwell upon the names and works of some of them until we had perhaps exhausted the reader's patience and our own powers. Equally prized in both kingdoms, Beatty, Burns, Thomson, Home, and one or two besides, are familiar to all persons of good taste in England. They have delighted us from childhood to manhood, and their memory as well as their works, impart a pleasure to the mind which is permanent in its impression, because it is grounded in the love of true poetry, nature and truth. We are persuaded that the public will appreciate this elegant little work at its due rate; for our own parts, we have been much delighted with the entertainment it has afforded us.

Memoirs of the Rev. J. Howell. By the Rev. Hugh Howell. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

BOTANY.

Elements of Botany, Physiological and Systematical. By T. B. Stroud, Landscape Gardener, &c. Greenwich, 1821. 10s.

This work may be safely recommended to the student in botany: and, indeed, it will be found a useful addition to the library of every botanist, as it comprises the system of Jussieu, as well as that of Linnaeus. Where the author has differed in the classification, from Linnaeus,

he has generally done it with considerable judgment, and shows good ground for his conclusions; but we cannot agree with him in placing the Citrus with the berries, the seeds being divided, like those of the apple, by partitions, though a little more delicate in texture.—We regret that many parts of the work are not elucidated by plates, which are almost essential in forwarding the labours of the young student in this elegant acquirement. If the author has thrown no great novelty on the physiology and anatomy of the plants, he has carefully avoided leading his readers astray by theories and speculations, as ill founded as they are oftentimes fanciful and ridiculous.

Hooker's Botanical Illustrations.
Part 1 Oblong 4to. 6s. and 10s. 6d.

Barton's Medical Botany. 2 vols.
4to. 6l. 6s.

EDUCATION.

Familiar Dialogues, for Young Ladies on Sundays. 3s.

A pretty little book, wherein subjects of religion and benevolence are discussed in a style suitable to the capacity of children of seven years old; but the price of the book, however, is beyond what either its importance or utility can warrant.

The Literary and Scientific Class-Book. By the Rev. J. Platts. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Reader's Guide. By William Andrew. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Greek First Book simplified.—12mo. 4s. sheep.

Essentials of Modern and Ancient Geography. 18mo. 4s. sheep.

Baxter's Agricultural School Account-Book. Folio. 14s. 6d. half-bound.

Key to ditto. Folio. 14s. 6d. half-bound.

FINE ARTS.

An Account of a New Process in Painting. In two parts, 8vo. 8s.

The first part of this work consists of an inquiry into the principles and mode of practice by which the Venetian school of painting attained its freedom of design, and unrivalled excellence in colouring; the second, of a detail of experiments made by the author, in his attempt to revive the methods which led to such enviable results, and to which he was first induced to turn his attention by the accidental spilling of some wax on a crayon drawing, sketched on the back of a book bound in rough calf leather. From the effect produced by this casual sort of glaze, it struck him that the superiority of the Venetian school was owing to the mixture of what he terms the fluid and the dry methods; in other words,

the alternate use of oil or crayons on the same picture, accordingly as the different parts of it might call for hard or soft, a cold or warm style. The experiments are very accurately detailed. They have occupied the attention of the author for seven years; and whilst we cannot but admire the zeal and disinterestedness which induce him thus to make publick the whole fruits of his experience, for the advancement of the art of which he seems a devoted lover, we fully join him in the ardent wish, that the art of painting itself, so favourable to the refinement, so indicative of the prosperity of a nation, wherein it is cultivated with success, may be revived and flourish in our own, until the English school shall become all that the Venetian school once was.

Smirke's Illustrations of Shakespeare. No. 2. India paper, 4to. 1L 10s. royal 8vo. 14s.

A New Drawing-Book, in the Chalk manner. By Samuel Prout. Atlas 4to. 15s.

The Repository of Arts. No. 65. 4s.

HISTORY.

Boone's Essay on Modern History. 8vo. 8s. boards.

JURISPRUDENCE.

Williams' Abstract of the Acts passed in the 1st and 2d of George IV. 8vo. 8s. boards.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

A Familiar Treatise on Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, Bilious and Nervous Affections, with an attempt to correct many prevalent Errors in Diet, Exercise, &c. &c. By G. Shipman. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The prevalence of the disorders treated of in this work cannot fail to render it generally interesting. Disorders of the stomach and bowels are almost universal, often ill treated, and frequently increased by the very means adopted to mitigate them. Mr. Shipman goes into his subject scientifically, and commences by observations on the organs of digestion, their structure, and functions. He next examines the properties of vegetable and animal substances, and combats the idle and ridiculous notion that a vegetable diet alone is sufficient for man. He shows that food must vary with the climate, and that the rice and water of the Hindoo would go but a little way towards sustaining life in temperate or northern climates. He points out, too, the effect of a vegetable diet on the constitution, which tends to enfeeble it in those climates where cold and variety of temperature prevail. It may, indeed, be possible for the physical temperament of a particular individual in society to be supported on a vegeta-

ble diet, and even to thrive under it. But to the majority of mankind in European climates it would be enfeebling and pernicious. Away, then, with those visionaries who support an opposite doctrine. The raven and carnivorous birds in general, are as long or longer lived than granivorous ones. Much more depends upon the organic structure than on the diet of the animal: else why should the elephant outlive the horse four or five times told, both being sustained on vegetable food? Mr. Shipman successfully combats the arguments of Sir R. Phillips, the great apostle of vegetive sustenance. The knight's sixteen reasons he replies to very satisfactorily; but while Mr. Shipman contends that there would be a deficiency of vegetable food were all mankind to become granivorous, he asserts what may be considered very doubtful. The quantity of proventer consumed by a single ox is much more than would support one human life. We fully agree with Mr. Shipman in his comments:—one more argument he might have added to them—the world is an “universe of death,”—of destruction through each other, and of re-production, from the meanest insect to the largest animal—this is undeniably the great law of nature. Wherefore then is man to infringe on this law, when his organs are expressly formed for its fulfilment? There can be no necessity—it is left by Providence to his own option. Mr. Shipman next proceeds to notice the prevailing habits of life, and gives a number of cases to bear out his opinions. We recommend his work to all persons. Those who suffer from a diseased state of the digestive functions need it to improve them, and those who are in health will find it a guide to preserve them from the perils of disease.

Medicina Clerica, or Hints to the Clergy. 8vo. 4s. boards.

Smith's Principles of Forensic Medicine. 8vo. 14s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cottager's Monthly Visitor. Vol. I. part I. 3s.

Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and on other subjects. 8vo. 8s.

Expedition; a Satire. By Julius. Book 1st.

The Excursions of a Spirit, with a Survey of the Planetary World; a Vision. 5s.

POETRY.

The Garden of Florence, and other Poems. By John Hamilton. London, 1821.

This little volume yields in thought, fancy, and feeling, to none of the minor productions of this age, so rich in poesy. Its author is peculiarly felicitous in the

choice and composition of epithets, and in the art of encrusting his subjects with a glittering and variegated drapery of language. Some of his words are so applied as to hang about his pictures of loveliness like brilliants of the finest water, and adorn without encumbering the symmetry of his exquisite figures. He abounds especially in rich conceits, happy turns of expression, and romantic allusions. In his happiest passages of the bolder cast, the image resembles a noble crystal, which, while it is so liquidly transparent as to show images truly through its softening medium, detains and delights the eye by its own quaint irregularities and dainty devices. Two of the chief stories thus treated are well worthy of such a hand; for they are among the interestest of those

"From great Boccacio's golden pen,
Mirthful and mournful, fit for every
heart."

The first, "The Garden of Florence," is the sad and sweet tale of the youth who died of the poisoned sage—of the poor girl suspected of his death—and of the fatal proof of her innocence and love. It is very tenderly and fancifully told in heroic rhyme—but we prefer the poem which commemorates the more tragic incident of the disloyal friend murdered for his illicit love, whose heart is served up to his sad mistress by her revengeful husband. This is in blank verse of a noble music, and has a fine antique air about it, which we have rarely enjoyed in modern poetry. There is also a longer poem in the Spenserian stanza, entitled "The Romance of Youth," tracing out the first dawning of a poet's course, before the sad realities of existence press heavily upon him, and while his heart is unspotted by the world. It does not excite the kind of personal interest which we feel in Beattie's Minstrel, because it is more dream-like, thrown further back into the inmost bowers of romance, and overspread with a golden atmosphere more different from "the light of common day." One cannot help anticipating higher things from such a youth, than could ever have been attained by the interesting Edwin, whose progress is far more distinctly marked out by the poet. Mr. Hamilton, in a prefatory dedication and in some shorter poems, gives his readers to understand that his profession is not that of a poet, and that he feels painfully the distraction of occupations of far other texture than his early dreams. Let him, however, be assured, that "life's idle business" has not crushed his delicate fancy, or chilled his generous sympathies. We think we may predict, that his intervals of leisure will always be passed among the noble walks of poesy—in these we trust he will find his own reward—and bring from them from time to time rare fruits for the refreshment and the delight of his species!

Poetical Essays on the Character of Pope as a Poet and Naturalist; and on the Language and Objects most fit for Poetry. By Charles Lloyd.

Woman in India, a Poem. Part I. Female Influence. By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta. London, 1821.

We had great pleasure in recommending Mr. Lawson's "Orient Harping" to our readers, and feel still more gratification in introducing the present work to their notice. It is only the commencement of a poem intended to exhibit female character as it exists in India, and to appeal on its behalf to those who feel the incalculable influence it must exercise over the moral character of a people. This introductory book is chiefly occupied by tender and vivid recollections of the author's own infancy—of the scenes of that home which he has nobly abandoned for ever—and of the image of the mother, whose love first impressed the solemn and sublime images of Christian history upon his boyish heart. There is something unspeakably touching in these holy reminiscences, when they are expressed by one who has left all for the great cause of man and of God, who not in apathy has resigned his country and his kindred, but who, with a soul most delicately strung, alive to every impulse of social joy, and tremulous with love to old and dear objects, has made the costly sacrifice. Independent of this consideration, his feelings are embodied in free and pure language, and the pictures of early scenes are made to rise up again in a vividness which would engage the sympathy of all who can relish the tender freshness of Cowper. An apostrophe to his child, who died in infancy, is more painfully touching, yet not unrelieved by those gentle traits which divert a poet's grief, and those higher consolations which soften a Christian's sorrow. A description of the heroism of the martyred child of Antioch and his mother follows, the subjects of which, we own, do not please us so well, as we do not admire a Spartan spirit when excited by a mother, even in the divinest of causes. This portion of the work has greatly increased our interest in the welfare of its excellent author, and induces us to look forward with great interest to its completion.

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ZEST FOR CANDIDUS UP TO HIS TWENTY EIGHT.—Marc. Anton

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